The Collegian

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE

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TWENTY-THIRD YEAR

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EDITORIALS

HAPPY CHRISTMAS!

FROM one point of view the task of a college editor is droll business. He must write on the same subjects that other college editors wrote on years and years away. He must treat of such topics as the opening of the school term, examinations, Thanksgiving Day, Christmas, New Year, Eastertide, the value of facts, the ideals of a Christian gentleman, the respective merits of the large and the small college, the radical ideas of the period, current evils, civic improvements, hobble skirts or no skirts at all, and commencement exercises. If he does present his opinion on these matters he is "ordinary." If he does not, his publication lacks something. So, with Thomas Daly we might ask, "W'at I gonna do?"

But from the other side of the fence, it is a delightful privilege to be able to discourse upon the beauty and good spirit of most of these mentioned themes. It is more than delightful to write of feasts and holidays of the year, when people's minds naturally relax with warmth and joyfulness. It is stimulating and interesting and beautiful. The only difficulty lies in the necessity of saying the same thing in a different way!

And soon the editors of newspapers, periodicals and magazines will do their best to submit new ideas and newly-clad old ideas in observance of the coming Christmastide. All Christianity rejoices at the coming of Christ. All the world, including those who deny Christ and God and everything Christian, exchange gifts of good-will and wish each other a merry day on December 25. They unconsciously admit that which they consciously deny. However that may be, we are still concerned with Christmas.

God sent His Son to earth to redeem man. A secondary reason for the Christ's coming is to bring religion to men in a positive manner. Can you not see that the observance of Christmas is essentially religious? Has it never occurred to you that the prominence which even the American people give to this feast is a favorable indication that men lean naturally to religion? Considering even national birthdays, Christmas is the greatest feast of the year the world over. All men observe it. All men look forward to it. And all men remember the Christmases that have been.

Christmas, considered in a merely practical sense, is elevating. It inspires men with fresh, wholesome ideas. It expands human souls. It purifies mental and moral atmospheres. It acts as the "Gold Dust Twins" of the calendar —it scours and cleans and makes scoffers sneeze.

Our concluding wish is that this editorial has given out a thought. And in this, the last issue of The Collegian for 1925, we express another hope—a time-worn and lip-worn hope noted especially for its red nose and cheery smile, for its benevolent eyes and rosy cheeks, for its old age and ever present beauty: HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!

IN TRIBUTE TO OUR FOOTBALL TEAM

ALREADY most football teams in the United States have had their Big Games and have hung their moleskins upon the wall for a vacation. Campuses heretofore agog with bustling interest over gridiron gossip have become hushed with a dreamy, lazy attitude of expectation. Things seem to be dead, and students prepare for final examinations with blue, somber faces. A lull has descended upon the universities and everything seems to await another season of sport after the Christmas holiday. And in the meanwhile Saint Mary's remains as active and alive as ever, for her football team does not end its schedule until next Saturday evening around five o'clock.

The contest with the University of Southern California will terminate a season that has been truly great. It will end the battling of a battling team. It will disband a squad that has commanded even greater respect than did our commendable Varsity of 1924. It will end the career of an aggregation that has placed the name of Saint Mary's in a position of prominence that scholastic achievement has thus far failed to duplicate. And when the last gun barks in the Los Angeles Coliseum every one will know that a mighty football machine has functioned for the last time in a glorious season.

As a whole, the Varsity has done splendidly. We are proud of it, and we honor it. The more credit is due it because it has been able to face its adversaries with full strength only once during the year and that time on a foreign field at Portland, Oregon. In every other contest there have been regulars out of the line-up or else in the line-up but not in playing condition. No one can fully appreciate the pain some of those men suffered for the privilege of representing Saint Mary's. They will not tell it, but we know that they sacrificed till it hurt. And the success which has been theirs is only part of the restitution that they merit.

We feel it our duty—a pleasurable duty we assure you—of congratulating the team, the coach and the captain for the work of the season. We think that an enlargement upon this simple tribute would weaken it, for nothing could be said to express the appreciation Saint Mary's feels for her football men. We tender you an editorial rising vote of thanks, football Varsity, and we are confident that on December 12 you will unhesitatingly do what your fighting coach has urged upon you time and again, "fight until every drop of blood in your veins runs cold!"

IN MEMORIAM

LIKE a fictional prince in beggar clothes a man has passed from the life of the College. To students and Brothers he was just "Pat." But to a disguised pride within his unpresentable person he was William Polland, Englishman. And he was so jealous of his nationality that it is difficult to conceive how he ever tolerated an Irish nickname.

Pat worked most of the day in the kitchen caring for clean glasses and dishes, and the rest he spent in various janitor occupations. But whatever he did, Pat always sang at his work, or murmured little ditties, some of which were unintelligible nonsense. He worked hardest and sang most when he was left alone, and if you happened to intrude upon his privacy he would come forth with, "Sure, you're my aunt's oldest son", or "You're my grandfather's nephew", or "Forty-four, say no more", or "I'll be eighty-eight the end of March."

Pat was fanciful and philosophical. He could tell you the most improbable things about himself and family, from a tale of his great actor uncle, Sir William Ashecraft, down to his taking tea with the owner of the city hall on last Thursday afternoon. But his romances were brought about by the same reason as his songs and ditties—he harbored a great sorrow. When he was young he lost his wife and three children in an Eastern flood, and he took to singing ditties to distract his mind. His outlook on the rest of men was one of philosophic tolerance. He was so pestered by prank-playing college students and fun-loving associates that no practical joke could occasion more than a temporary flare of discomfort. He was the universal "goat" for all Saint Mary's jokes. We could almost say that he was pestered to death; surely until death.

Many thought Pat to be crazy. Call it what you will, and even though the man was a bundle of foibles, he was no fool. He could sing at his work. He could take joy in walking each Saturday afternoon to Sacred Heart Church to go to "his little Confession." He could make his way to the chapel on Sunday mornings at five o'clock to tell his beads and receive Holy Communion at the Brothers' Mass. And he could overlook a tremendous amount of persecution.

We could make a nice story about old Pat. He was a character. But he is dead now, and most of us will soon forget him. A small group of students contributed eight dollars to have Masses said for him, but after that God will have to remember Pat.

He was buried in the Catholic cemetery at Piedmont on November 27.

As he was lowered into the gaping grave a meadowlark sang just like Pat sang happily in his seven years of work at Saint Mary's. The only other mourners were two Brothers, two students and a fellow-workmen. We hope that, besides God, the little meadowlark that came to sing a funeral hymn will remember Pat too.

MAY HE REST IN PEACE!

EDITORIALS

DECEMBER 8

IF our nation were European and if all our people were Catholic, the United States would have celebrated the eighth of December instead of the fourth of July as the national birthday. For it is the European Catholic custom to keep the feast of the patron saint as the birthday. Tuesday was the feast of the patron saint of the United States—Blessed Mary in her Immaculate Conception. Following the example of Spain, who in 1760 proclaimed the Immaculate Conception the patron of all the Spanish possessions in the world, the Council of Baltimore declared Mary to be the patron of the United States on December 8, 1846.

The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception teaches that Mary was preserved from the stain of original sin from the very first moment of her conception. Previous to the twelfth century this belief occasioned no controversy. It was accepted as a tradition and universally accredited. But at that time conjectures arose as to certain details of the matter, and in a short space there were several different understandings of the Immaculate Conception. To avoid disputation, Pope Pius IX, on December 8, 1854, declared the Blessed Mother "in the first instant of her conception, by a singular privilege and grace granted by God, in view of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the human race, was preserved exempt from all stain of original sin."

That promulgation settled the matter definitely, and thenceforward it became an immovable dogma of the Catholic Church. By conception the Church means the very moment at which the soul is created and infused into the body. By the act of God, Mary's soul was created spotless, for it would not be proper that God's Son should issue from a mother whose soul had been marked with sin. And as the soul entered the flesh of the Blessed Virgin her body was also sanctified. Thus, both soul and body of Mary were holy. She was freed of the depraved emotions, passions and debilities consequent to original sin, but she was not exempt from sorrow, physical pain and death.

UPON A LACK OF REAL CRITICISM

WE would wager that a statement to the effect that seedless pineapples were invented by Abraham Lincoln, or that miscegenation is the only possible solution for the high price of automobile tires, or that the Darwinian theory of the origin of man was firmly believed by Adam and his eve, would occasion no objection and not even a rustle of interest among the majority of students at Saint Mary's College.

The reason for this condition of seeming indifference to truth is, we think, that our bustling little community lacks a real critical faculty. Or, if we do not lack it, we are so afraid of hurting one another's feelings that it does not manifest itself properly. True criticism does not hurt feelings—it rather enlarges them. And by true criticism we do not mean finding fault unnecessarily with something. We do not refer to those persons who "moan" (excuse the current expression) about this and that. We mean, on the other hand, the discovery and indication of error and gross hindrances. And we refer to those men who can show you where you are wrong and why in a tactful yet efficient way. It is not a question of hurting feelings because it is possible to tell a man anything if you know how to do it.

Again, we do not mean criticism of every insignificant detail in the make-up of the College. We exclude accidentals for the time being, and the hypercritics who harp upon them. It is things intellectual and educational which we must be strict about. We cannot afford to be "slip-shod" thinkers, and let things glide along whether they are correct, indefinite or absolutely wrong. We cannot be passive, because passivity is an obsession of the mind not to be desired. It is a mental state that causes stagnation of thought, stagnation of initiative, stagnation of personality. In fact, it is a condition that even prevents real thought.

Picture this: a student attends class and prepares the necessary assignments. In his leisure hours he seeks diversion and avoids work. He does not care whether the flag goes up on the flag-pole or is hung by Mr. Dempsey from a dormitory window. He is not bothered about the appearance of The Collegian, and if he reads it he does not care whether it is correct, good, bad, terrible, or "all bunk." He reads and thinks no more.

Of course, the description is exaggerated, but the exaggeration will better illustrate our meaning. And just as that student is noncritical about even small things and accidental things, he is passive in matters of greater weight. We are sorry, but most students are passive, much to every one's discredit. In one sense, passivity is gentlemanly because it is easy on the emotions, but in another sense it is downright intellectual weakness because it causes mental drifting. If faults are not properly criticized, where to then? Why seek an education if you are going to swallow all manner of trash that flows in the channel? The true student strives to improve; so do college activities and publications. Criticism of the right kind will help tremendously.

HALF TIME

IT seems but a few short weeks since we visited the campus for the first time at the beginning of the term, renewing old friendships, making new ones, talking over past events, reviewing summer experiences, and planing activities for the future. The remembrance seems like a dream—hazy and fleeting, beautiful in its dynamic power, and still so hopelessly elusive.

Many things have happened in the course of that brief dream. Hours of anxious study have crowned hours of play, and perhaps there are a few of us who would welcome an opportunity of living the semester over again. Surely, we would have done differently! So would Adam if he had had another chance. But "other chances" do not come. We must keep past things as memories, and usually when we review those memories we discover for the first time the glamour of certain actions that seemed dull and useless at the time of performance.

And what have we for it all? The question is personal, and the answer is equally personal. Ideally, however, we should be bigger. Are we? If not, somebody's wrong. Someone has wisely said that we look backward only that we might look forward. And if we cannot gain by looking backward, why look? Obviously, the thing for us to do is to make future plans that will show a profiting from experience, plans that will make us more efficient as students and gentlemen.

THE BIG M SOCIETY

NOW that the football season is about to close we are awaiting the renascence of the Big M Society. We all realize what a drain upon time and energy the football period is, so it would be unfair to expect too much of those who are supposed to attend to the continuance of this organization. Most of the society are football players, so they are ipso facto exempt from other activities, including even attention to the Big M Society.

But the trying time is over now. The men concerned will have some leisure hours, and the men in office will no doubt start the motor again. A year ago the Big M was pronounced the "most active association on the campus." No one contradicted the statement—it was. Today, where is it? What is it? Perhaps one hundred out of the one hundred and twenty Freshmen are in ignorance of the existence of the Big M Society.

However, the fault of such ignorance is not theirs. The society has been externally dead, there is no dodging the issue. As a unit it has been asleep to its wonderful possibilities. It has stagnated. True enough, much of the incentive behind the Big M is monopolized by the varsity teams, for varsity teams unite the athletic letter men as intimately as is possible. Nevertheless that is not an excuse for cessation of activity. The society has passed up many occasions on which it could have and should have been very prominent. It has neglected opportunities of conducting social events that would have been, by the very fact of their sponsoring, greatly successful. Will some one release the alarm and wake up the Big M Society?

—L. V. P.

Rhymeland

VENETIAN LAMENT

OH, my Venice, faded beauty,
Mistress with your Bridge of Sighs,
With your old lagoons of beauty
Silv'ry neath the moon-swept skies.

In your silent breast what secrets,
What mysterious deeds you hide
Of romance's golden whispers
In your silent shifting tide.

In your darksome winding waters
Neath your bridges' somber shrine,
Oh, what ghastly sins you shelter
In your memory damp with time.

Oh, my Queen of Adriatic,
Open wide your heart anew,
Tell me why unhappy mortals
Trust their failing hope in you.

—George B. Palmer, '26.

SAINT MARY'S FOOTBALL TEAM

WE'LL fight to win!" the cry rings out—
And in each loyal heart
It echoes there, with silent prayer,
Each one to do his part.

The cheering starts, the game is on,
The gridiron wakes to life;
"No thought of fame, just play the game
And win the thrilling strife.

"And as we play, the cheers will ring,
'Saint Mary's—Hail, all hail!'
Through thick and thin, we'll fight to win,
For you we'll never fail!"

—Thomas Coakley, '28.

STUDY

WEARILY I raise my burning eyes
Above this host of armored ants
That make procession in my book
And sing and shout and dance.

Dreamily I raise my burning eyes
To these prim volume shelves,
And there upon the cold hard backs
Are dancing golden elves.

Drearily I lay my burning eyes
Among these gaping faces
That stare with vacant lifeless heads
Like slim Venetian vases.

O, why does living tire things?
And why do eyelids burn?
And why do men forever laugh
Like an overflowing urn?

—LOUIS LEE, '26

HOPE

When bent to breaking with life's cares,
By brooding o'er made double,
I ponder on my bitter fate
And weep each new born trouble;
Then sadnesses my spirit crush
And banish sweet serenity,
And woe and weakness on me seize
For time that seems eternity.
Then from the dregs of sodden thought
Begin the scales to fall
And what was drear does now appear
With sunshine cov'ring all.

ALBERT FARRELL, '26

What-Nots

BY GEORGE B. PALMER

WE have heard much about Mussolini and about his methods and restrictions and I have even been tempted to blame him for tyranny, but if he is so anxious to exercise his will over people as he does, why doesn't he go some place where he will do more good than he is doing at present. Don't mistake me and think that he is not doing any good at present. That is foolish, but he could do more, infinitely more if he would go to France. France has been acting like a political baby, and now a crisis has come. Financial matters are critical, political affairs are critical, and while no political group is strong enough to enforce its own financial program, none of the many factions are willing to compromise.

On two other instances, in 1789 and 1848 when France was in a similar financial condition, revolution solved the question. That alternative may be the solution of the present crisis if in the meantime some strong leader does not rise and forcibly take matters in his own hands. Members of the government need a bit of discipline. They need some one to tell them where they "get off" if they do not refrain from playing their political game of tag.

Just at this time when the Locarno Treaties have practically insured the peace of Europe it is necessary that one of the main actors of the drama keep a clear head and play her part correctly, but France will never be able to do this as long as the seeds of revolution are lying dormant in the present crisis.

France may readily call for her tyrant—he is the only way out, at least for the present time, when the Republic's sons are acting so childishly.

But France isn't the only factor in the economic peace of Europe that is to be considered. Have a look at Austria. Things in that country are not just what they should be. Industry has lagged behind considerably, and the citizens of Austria seem to think that their only salvation lies in union with Germany. Rather a bitter pill for the Allies to taste. But the Locarno Treaties are supposed to have fixed all those little difficulties which existed since the war. Is there still any danger to be found in such a union? Politically, there might be. At least France sees it that way, but economically there is only good to come of it. Austria has many unemployed, Germany needs industrial workers. Austria needs a market for many of her goods; Germany is the market, but high tariffs are the stumbling block. A union is clamoured for by the population. Why not? France? What about France's alliances with Poland? Locarno Treaty is supposed to establish peace and do away with such antagonisms. It looks as though both Great Britain and France were the stumbling block to Austrian prosperity instead of high tariffs!

And now for a view of a domestic question. It concerns this country's Merchant Marine. The last of the Merchant Marine that proved to be so useless, due to many reasons which do not speak very well for those who handled the construction of those ships, were burned in the Potomac. At last the Merchant Marine has been scrapped. Now, why not make a complete job of it and scrap the Shipping Board? That organization has done nothing but spend money unnecessarily, create outlandish political jobs, and in general characterize itself by its indolence and lack of common sense. Just as the fleet of ships were completely scrapped, let's have the Board that was responsible for that fleet, scrapped too. It smacks too much of the smell of graft and taxation.

We need a Merchant Marine, and to have one which is operated by the government or by government subsidy has proved a failure. Private operation of the Merchant Marine is not satisfactory, so why not have it operated privately in connection with the railroads? In times of war the government can take over the railroads, so also can they take over the proposed Merchant Marine. The Merchant Marine can be controlled judicially by an organization which corresponds to the Interstate Commerce Commission and in conjunction with that organization. Rate making can be jointly made and criticized as the railroads at present function.

This would not only insure us of a Merchant Marine, but it would improve business. Railroads would stimulate foreign commerce in that through-hauls could be much cheaper from inland to port of destination than they are now.

At present we have no Merchant Marine worth speaking of, but with railroad capital to operate one, and with careful jurisdiction over it, there is every promise of a prosperous and successful future upon the seas for American shipping.

BARNYARD NOVELISTS

IN the realm of fiction, there are many workshops and many workers. Day after day these laborers toil incessantly in the process of production. In some cases the tools are delicate and keen; in others they are plain and simple; and in others they are awkward and dull. Each workshop represents a type of novel. The various workers, according to their distinguishing characteristics, are termed romanticists, realists and sensualists.

Each one of these types has been predominant in one literary age or another. It appears that the sensualists have once more come to the front as far as popularity is concerned. These modern writers be-belong to a class of thinkers known as Freudian philosophers. The school to which they belong swings entirely on the pivot of sex; the drive of the "inner subconscious urge," and the "outer collective pressure" now takes the place of conscience, free-will, duty, honor and the other motivations.

Doubtless, this school has had its effects on the morality of the day. Sex is a divine force and should be used only for divine ends; the modern writers in their treatment of sex questions drift toward barbarism. The sensualists' demand for the freedom of following their instincts is a retrograding step toward paganism; it is a denegation of the teachings of the experience of the ages. There is an upward and a downward tendency in life; the Freudian philosophers are turning the ebb of civilization downward. Their doctrines are paganistic and compare with sex obsessions of degenerate Rome.

Realism and sensualism are frequently confused. In most cases sensualism is not realism, though the author may attempt to portray some true phase of life. George Eliot's "Silas Marner" is realistic, but where can there be found in it anything of obscenity or degeneracy? On the other hand, the sensualist is very seldom true to life; he portrays sporadic instances of decadence as typical of the best of society, urging ardent immature minds to fling down all barriers to enjoy the same experiences. This is the chief objection to sensualism; it is deceiving. It leads persons to form wrong impressions. Some people may argue that sensualists are true to life; they may say that the sex obsessed writer is realistic, that his material is vivid. This may be true, but naked realism is only secondary; it is the ideal in life that is primary. These writers are not true to life because they do not give the whole of life—they disregard the ideal.

Sensualism in a novel is an indication of the author's lack of ability. The manner in which the writer treats his subject is a vestige of his capabilities. Abhorrent things are not so bad, but how does the author use them? Does he employ them as mere entertainment or rather as an awful disclosure of the punishment that always rushes down upon evil. Almost anything is permissible that will enable the reader to distinguish between the wholesome and the abnormal. Such books as the "Scarlet Letter", "Adam Bede", "Anna Kahrenia", deal with sex problems frankly; yet they are harmonized with wisdom. They are splendid examples of how an author may use his materials in a clean and worthy manner.

In conclusion, I would say that sensualists cannot be placed in the category of good writers. Any person who writes such "stuff" as may be found "floating around" cannot be called a complete man; for although man must place his feet firmly on nature, he never becomes true man until he lifts himself above nature. One may say that fiction is an artistic transcript of life. The novelist has no more right to slander society than any one has to slander his neighbor. Sensualists not only slander life, but they degrade and poison it.

—RAYMOND ARATA, '28.

COMMENT ON WORDSWORTH'S SONNETS

NO poet has ever found such abundant beauty in the common world as William Wordsworth. He had not only sight, but insight; that is, he not only saw clearly and described accurately, but penetrated the heart of things and always found some exquisite meaning that was not written on the surface. He is truly a father of nature, lover of all natural objects, and believer that all nature is the reflection of the great Being.

Wordsworth's sister Dorothy, in a descriptive sketch for the London Journal tells of her passage with her brother over Westminster bridge. She states, "We left London at six o'clock on the 30th of July. We mounted Dover coach at Charing Cross. It was a beautiful morning. The city, St. Paul's with the river, and the multitude of little boats made a most beautiful sight as we crossed Westminster Bridge. The houses were not-over-hung by their clouds of smoke, and they were spread out endlessly, yet the sun shone so brightly with such a fierce light, that there was even something like the purity of one of nature's own grand spectacles." Out of this material Wordsworth wove the great sonnet, "Composed Upon Westminster Bridge":

"Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning, silent, bare;
Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep;
The river glideth at his own sweet will;
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!"

This sonnet shows the real genius of Wordsworth, and it shows how the simplest things appealed to his nature.

Wordsworth's sonnets all express a tender love for nature, but differ according to his own moods of writing. His sonnet "Toussaint L 'Ouventure," is a great character sonnet that deals with Toussaint, the noted liberator of San Domingo who was so successful in breaking up the lines of Napoleon. In 1801 he attempted to free the island from the French control, but was captured and imprisoned for life. The sonnet was written while Toussaint was lying in a dungeon in France. Wordsworth tells us in this sonnet, how Toussaint should have been satisfied with his freedom and now the sad realization of his once happy days are recollected, but his realization had come too late.

Wordsworth also wrote a sonnet entitled "It is a Beauteous Evening, Calm and Free." It is one of his descriptive sonnets. He was inspired to write it when he was at a beach near Calais in the autumn of 1802. In it he speaks of his sister, who was his great inspiration.

A beautiful passage:

"The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea:
Listen! the mighty Being is awake."

Wordsworth's sonnets are among the finest ever produced by an English poet. They seem to possess remarkable simplicity. Wordsworth's great love of nature, and his great love for his fellow men find expression in all of his poems. The public critics were slow to recognize his ability, refusing utterly to accept his idea that poetry may deal with simple and natural subjects, presented in simple and natural language.

—THOMAS GRIMM, '29.

THE DEMON'S NEST

MANY years ago, when people were not sophisticated, it was most fashionable to believe in those baffling creatures called ghosts. The pet indoor diversion was telling ghost stories. Men looked sceptical and felt uncomfortable; women were terror-stricken and gasped; little girls buried themselves in their mothers' skirts; little boys' eyes grew wide with fear and their hair stood disobediently straight upon their shivering heads. The story tellers delighted in scaring their auditors; the auditors in being scared. And of all the fables I listened to, the one that follows made the most lasting impression on my mind. My old Uncle Bill told it on a rainy, dark afternoon as a group of us children gathered around the fireplace.

"Just around the corner from the Delaney grocery shop in B—, the dirt road narrowed into a mere footpath which wound its crooked way among the brush to the foot of the near-by hills. Farther into the thicket the path narrowed again and passed under the thick branches of the crowded trees. About two miles through the woods one came upon a small cleared flat.

"In the flat stood a tumbled shack with two hollow eyes peering like a sightless demon straight into the trail. The structure was made of rough, dirty planks, and the heavy door hung listlessly on a single hinge. The caved-in corner of the roof seemed to weep silently for its master. I cannot describe the back of the place for none of us boys ever went behind it to see. The nearest we ever approached was to the edge of the clearing, where we went to throw stones at the few remaining pieces of glass in the windows. We took a notorious delight in persecuting that place but we never dared to go very close to it for fear of some grotesque danger.

"One day in March I left my home in a fit of anger, having quarrelled with my sister, and walked up the

trail past the grocer-stall. Engrossed in foolish thought. I failed to notice that I was coming to the old hut until I was actually standing in the flat. At once a peculiar desire took hold of me—I wanted to see the interior of that place. With courage of a very indefinite origin I crept to the old wall and crouched beneath the window. For a long while I dared not raise my head for fear that a many-handed monster would seize me, but at last I was gazing with magnified attention at a strange, unnatural sight.

"Crouched upon the uneven dirt floor, half reclining on what was once a stool, was a queer creature gloating over a great bag of small glass vials. He was small, not more than four feet in height; he was clothed in a pure yellow garment which flowed loosely to the ground; his arms were short and extremely plump. Upon his hands were only four fingers, and around his neck hung a cord of intertwined rosaries. His beardless chin was twice the width of his narrow brow, and his whole face was a ghastly bluish hue. His eyes, so far as I could observe, were normal blue eyes but the eyebrows were perfectly green. But his hair was most unusual of all his features. From his head protruded exactly six thin pieces of coppery substance about eight inches long. And to complete the unearthliness of his appearance, the strange figure was transparent!

"The bag, however, was very real, and as he fondled each little vial and pressed it lovingly to his bosom he smiled a gruesome, vicious smile, and made peculiar, fiendish sounds with his hideous lips. At intervals he would uncork a bottle and inhale deeply of its odor. Then he would break into a most hilarious jig. Presently he started drawing forth vial after vial from the big bag. After a time he brought out the head of a small infant, white and unmangled!

"This last undid me, and with the holiest fear I have ever felt, I bolted home. And to this day that atrocious creature lives in my mind, smiling maliciously and continuously drawing those cursed bottles from his sack."

—LOUIS LEE, '26.

CHARLES LAMB AS A POET

ALL great writers of prose at some time or other delve into the writing of poetry. Charles Lamb was no exception to this rule. But it may be well to state here that as a poet Lamb was a good essayist. He had the ability to write on anything that came into his head. In prose he could put the most common subjects into very interesting reading, but his poems seem to lack the very thing which his essays are famous for—interest.

Lamb began his literary career in 1797 by adding three sonnets to a volume of Coleridge's. His poetical production was small; altogether during the course of his life his known poems number about one hundred and ten, of which the best known are "The Old Familiar Faces," "The Three Graves," and "Hester."

"The Old Familiar Faces" is the most famous of Lamb's poems. It was probably inspired when his sister Mary was taken to an asylum as the result of a second attack of insanity in January 1798. Other incidents referred to in the poem account equally well for its composition.

"The Three Graves" was written during the time of the spy system, a protective movement inaugurated by Lord Sidmouth, the Home Secretary, in 1817, as the result of several riots and conspiracies and general dissatisfaction in the country. George Edwards, named in the last line of the poem, was a government spy who revealed the Cato Street Conspiracy, a plot to murder the ministers in 1820. Castles and Oliver were other contemporary spies. William Bedloe and Titus Oates, mentioned in the second line, were lying informers on whose testimony and forged documents a number of persons were executed as conspirators in an alleged plot of the Roman Catholics in 1678 to murder Charles the Second and gain control of the government. The title of the poem was borrowed from Coleridge's "The Three Graves."

Thomas De Quincy says of Lamb: "Those err in my opinion, who represent Lamb to our notice amongst the poets. Very pretty, very elegant, very tender, very beautiful verses he has written; twice he has written verse of extraordinary force, almost demoniac force. But generally speaking, he writes verses as one to whom that function was a secondary and occasional function, not his original and natural vocation—not a vocation but an avocation."

—M. J. LINEHAN, '29

MANHANDLING THE NOVEL

ONE of our greatest and most modern businesses is the motion picture industry. This industry has roused much active interest in the public and has been the cause of much critism both pro and con. Many people object to the filming of novels because they feel that those in charge always manage to ruin the original story. And the public is not without reason for its judgment. Those producing the picture are, however, somewhat justified for their actions.

A "feature" picture is generally limited to two hours duration. This custom was started in the early days of the industry and it is now almost too late to change it. Then, too, the rolls of film must be flashed on the screen with a certain rapidity or the figures will not have the proper speed in their actions. We would see a heroine galloping through her sob scenes if this were not done. Thus it is necessary for the producer to cut his film to six reels. Perhaps the story could be told fully and faithfully—with more beauty, more heart interest, more comedy, if the film had seven or eight reels. Perhaps the producer and author would be better satisfied and the public more pleased. It is just another example of the tyranny of custom.

Producers are, at best, very hard-hearted creatures. They often purchase the rights to a popular book just for its title. They are not dismayed if the "star" does not fit the story. This difficulty is overcome by remodeling the story to fit the star. Thus some of the finer points of the novel are lost. Then the "star" who is naturally more interested in himself than the story, reads the script and finds further objections concerning the dangerous prominence of other characters. So the other characters are subordinated or entirely murdered and dragged out of the plot.

In rewriting the script to add splendor to the "star's" part, the scenario writer may think of an original twist which so startles and pleases him that he injects it into the story. Whereupon the director, who is never without ideas and audacity, elaborates this twist, adds a few more characters and starts to bring them to life in film. When one finally sees the motion picture version of his favorite book he is dumb founded. And the author will be even more dumbfounded.

It is really a pity that an author's most brilliant inspiration should be so manhandled before it appears on the screen. The original author may have leaped out of his bed in the dead of night with this inspiration and may have written it down before his memory failed him, a process involving so much labor that he was probably exhausted when he finished. Then the idea is turned over to the second author, the scenario writer who probably "sees something in it". As one writer expresses it, "No matter how the idea impresses him, the scenario writer will give it treatments of technique, remove some portions, alter others and inoculate some ideas of his own."

After much labor, the scenario writer gives the result of his work to the director who may and may not accept it. If it is accepted, it is given further treatments of technique, more portions are removed and still others are altered.

The casting director is the fourth author. In his hands is the problem of characterization, so he is just as much an author as the other three. When work has been started with the "star" all the preceding labor can be brought to nothing through the inability of the "star" to take the part in hand.

If the much-remodeled story has safely passed all these trials without serious injury and without too many brilliant ideas dangling from it, it is given to the fifth author, the cutter. Some fifty reels of film are handed to the cutter to be condensed in some five or six reels. In this process, even the story is sometimes lost. It is the duty of the cutter to throw away nine times as much as he uses without throwing anything away.

After all this handling, the story is given to its sixth and final author, the title writer. Here it is generally given aid. Many stories have been saved through the inspirations of the title writer.

Thus it can be seen how a novelist's masterpiece can be ruined by its being produced as a photoplay. There is some truth in the statement that two, and perhaps six heads, are better than one and this might be true in the development of a small minority of motion pictures. Another homely adage that "too many cooks spoil the soup" is perhaps more applicable in this instance. However, all this repeated handling and changing is almost a necessary evil in the filming of a novel. The best way to eliminate it would be for scenarios to find their material for stories elsewhere than in the novel. The novel is typically as far removed from a photoplay as a bird is from a fish, and that any attempt to transform one into the other is apt to result in a sort of flying-fish, capable of both swimming and flying, but good at neither.

—WILLIAM W. KELLER, '28.

ONE SIDE OF THE STUDENT SOCIAL QUESTION

PERHAPS, in attempting to write on such a subject as social functions and the student I am guilty of the venial sin of presumption. Being by nature an amicable chap, that is one who can smile at your bad jokes and laugh right heartily at your better ones, I am nevertheless one of those Cromwellian individuals who harbors an irreconcilable antipathy toward any and all manner of social amusement. I have never attended a dansant, for, to paraphrase Scripture, "to waltz I am not able, to Charleston I am ashamed." I dislike the Movies which, indeed, I consider a rank waste of time unless the production be one of special appeal. Staged performances are costly, so I seldom indulge in that most genteel form of entertainment. And to cap it all, I am a poor conversationalist, although in this regard it must be admitted that I do try very hard to improve myself because I believe take an ability to converse freely and interestingly is a mark of true culture.

So now, gentle reader, or critical reader, or whatever kind of reader you happen to be, I have rendered you a list of my personal prejudices, or foibles, if such they may be called, and if you look for an impartial treatment of the subject in hand you look here amiss.

To begin with, let us consider the incompatibility of social functions with student life. We are told, by illustrious psychologists and educators that in order to concentrate it is necessary to simplify our interests; and clearly the life of the student should be one of intense concentration. Is it possible that one can sit down to an evening of quiet study with the blair of last night's jazz-band ringing discordantly in his ears? How can a student concentrate on his books when the prospect of an elaborate banquet, or of a trip to some country golf-club so looms in the offing as to completely captivate his enthusiasm? What student will even deign to think of study when several of the fellows—several of those ultra-collegian sheiks—call in their flashy roadster and have him join them in a pink tea or a "penny crawl?" I maintain the studious and the social life to be not only irreconcilable, but also diametrically opposed one to another! It may be prudish and all that, but after all prudence is a virtue, and virtue is "a consummation devoutly to be wished for."

As a second objection to student participation in social functions, we ask: What is a college? Let us rise above the matter of mere definitions, and consider the reasons why a man attends college. Is it to gain that education which will fit him "to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously, all the offices both public and private", as the great Milton says; or is it to dawdle away his time, in the enjoyment of one perpetual round of pleasure? A more foolish question than this could not be asked, yet foolish questions like foolish persons, often deserve serious contemplation.

One of the characteristics of a Catholic college is that the average student is really serious. He must be serious, for he is soon brought to a realization of the deeper and more fundamental phases of life, which induce him to forsake his giddy, peurile ways. Catholic education narrows and cuts down the so-called "broad" outlook on life, and creates in the mind of the student a true perspective of things. It leads him step by step to the horizon, to the viewpoint where all lines of thought and vision converge, and from which they ramify with unlimited reach on every side. College, from a Catholic point of view, is a place of high thinking and plain living; mind you, not of high living and plain thinking! College is not a time to enjoy the good things of life. During those four short years the student gains an impetus that will enable him not only to enjoy, but to possess the best that life has to offer. Is not this worth a sacrifice? Is it not a bargain worthy of a man's foregoal of the insipid pleasures which society might afford?

But there are some people who argue that youth is so fleeting, and that we may as well be gay while we are young. "You are only young once," they sigh. Alas! is it not often too true that the gay youth hurries on to a rueful old age? Better, far better indeed, is it, to spend life's first years in quietness and study, so that when time has passed over us we may sit with hands compacently folded, and await the inevitable sunset with the joy which comes of knowing that we have done something to make the world a happier place in which to live. Youth is short but life is long, and there will be no dearth of time in middle and later life to enjoy the more dignified, and more profitable social functions which become that more animated, though inestimably more enlightened stage of life.

SIR SOPHOMORE, '28.

SAINT MARY'S GARDEN

ONE cannot linger long at Saint Mary's College before he recognizes the beauty of the front garden plot. Strangers passing on Broadway are impressed with a lasting beautiful picture of green, for many friends have remarked upon the neatness of the little formal garden. One kindly old lady even went so far as to say that our garden is "the most beautiful in all Oakland." That is quite a tribute.

The most inappreciative student will sit for hours at the high-trellised College windows contemplating the cool expanse of the lawn. True, he might be distracted from his lecture, but what is a lecture compared to such a thing of beauty? It is good for one to fill his soul with green beauty occasionally—especially when he is driven to filling his brain wth gray knowledge.

The little patch of verdure seems to have a spirit all its own. It is fenced off and at one corner there is a "keep off the lawn" sign, but the fences are ornamental rather than protective, and no one ever pays any attention to the printed notice. Nobody would ever dream of trespassing on that garden, not even the most intrepid freshman. It is kept by the students as something sacred, and is not divested of its freshness by strolling feet and wanton hands. The only person seen in the garden is the little old white-haired Frenchman who plays doctor to the lawn and flowers and shrubs and trees. And he even treads carefully. Surely his hand is skillful, and surely his thoughts are happy as he putters about all day long caring for his garden children.

We have often wondered what Saint Mary's would do without her garden. We feel that the College would be just a little less soulful, that it would be lacking something very fine. And we are sure that Saint Mary loves that garden, for it is the provider of all the tender flowers and greens that decorate the chapel altars. The one thing that would complete the European atmosphere of the garden is a rock grotto of Saint Mary, perched in some quiet corner looking out upon a picture of graceful green.

PERSEVERANCE

"NEVER give up! Stick to your task until your mind falters and your body cannot carry you any longer." This is the watchword of the twentieth century. The poet sings it, the journalist re-echoes it, the business man demands it. On every side experts tell us that perseverance is the only key to success. Constantly we hear that intellect and ability are subordinate to dogged persistence in a chosen field of endeavor. Is this true?

With so much talk about perseverance, there must be something worth while in it. Let us consider a few great men—had they "stick-to-it-iveness?" Could Dante, Shakespeare or Homer spend hours and even days working over some obstinate stanza? Alexander, Napoleon and Caeser never exhausted themselves mastering strategy. These men were carrying the torch of genius but they were feeding its flame with their heart's blood. Great men could not withdraw themselves from their tasks once they had begun. Although they were often sick and weary they did not cease to labor. Something seemed to urge them to seek greater heights than those they had already reached. They could not rest unless they were advancing—that is what made them great.

The importance of "stick-to-it-iveness" in the modern world cannot be overestimated. We see the man who changes constantly from one position to another terminating his life as a day-laborer. We see the man who is forever beginning in some new firm, unable to gain the confidence of his employers. These people deserve and receive little consideration. The modern business world demands that a person be trained thoroughly in some line of work and that he follow it until he is a complete master of that field; for competition is so strong in business that a man cannot succeed unless he excels. To know a particular branch of business requires long and persisent work. Rockefeller, Ford, Morgan and any number of business leaders will claim that it was not talent that lifted them above others, but plain ordinary work—work for sixteen hours a day and three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.

—FRANCIS BOLAND, '28

BOOK CHATTER

Without in the least trying to advertise the book publishers' business, I would urge upon the readers of the Collegian book page the appropriateness and value of giving books as Christmas presents and of asking for similar gifts in return—if you believe in that bothersome custom of giving gifts profusely. And if you do not, perhaps you are bound by circumstances to give anyway, whether you like it or not. At all events, when you are puzzling your head over what sort of present you could give to Margaret or Bill or Mother, take a trip to a good book-shop, and let your conscience be your guide.

To offer just one thought in regard to books as Christmas gifts: how many of the presents have you still left from December 25, 1924? It is usually the candy and flowers and socks and ties and fountain pens and scarves that are soon worn out and cast aside. But what of books? If you are a book-lover you will never permit a book to be thrown away, and even if your acquaintance with books is only casual, you still have the books that were given to you in past years. If you have not, there is something amiss. Make it a literary Christmas—give a book.

—BOOK EDITOR.

I. R. McVAY

THE STUDENT PRINCE

"The Student Prince" quietly crept upon an unstartled world, unheralded, unchronicled, and is now playing to capacity houses at the Curran theatre because of its everlasting appeal to youth and love.

The plot is based on the famous book of Dorothy Donnelly and is a romance tenderly told. "The Student Prince" is the tale of the unfortunate heir-apparent of Karlsberg, Karl Kranz, who is given a year's freedom when he becomes a student in the University of Heidelberg. Here the author cleverly describes the care-free life of the would-be scholars with the apparently spontaneous rendition of university songs. The scholarly prince quickly adopts himself to this gay environment and soon becomes a regular fellow when he falls in love with the waitress of the Inn, Kathie. The sudden illness of the king, the prince's grandfather, abruptly breaks this idyl and Karl Kranz is forced to abandon his gay life to become king. The formalities in the life of the monarch weigh heavy in the heart of our romantic hero, and in the night when his forthcoming royal marriage is formally announced, when the king's heart was breaking with memories, Karl decides to visit Heidelberg where Kathie is waiting. The visit is very pathetic. Karl who eagerly sought the informalities of his young university life, is greeted with honors due to the king. The students' melodies were seriously rendered and sadly lacked the spontaneity of those of Karl's memories and even Kathie bows before the king's duty to his fatherland and sends him back to reign.

The music and dancing were the features of the play. Shubert's Serenade, "What Memories", "The Drinking Song" and "Just for Two" were the outstanding number of a repertory replete with musical gems. The "Drinking Song" is played by the students at the Inn and gives a perfect coordination of songs and dance, while "Just for Two" the melodious waltz of "The Merry Widow" is well represented by the male assembly of the Student Prince Company. The settings are also commendable. The elaborate scenery of "The Merry Widow", the pleasant atmosphere of "Blossom Time" are found in the latest Shubert production. The Inn's garden is well done, and the king's palace is staged in an ostentatious manner, not little helped by the bizarre uniforms of the king's officers.

The play, a Shubert production, may easily be classified as one of the finest productions that has come to San Francisco in the last few years, and is certainly the best musical play of the season.

—L. DE LA PENA, '26.

LITTLE NELLIE KELLY

The success attained by "Little Nellie Kelly", musical play of George M. Cohan's can be understood by any one who has seen it presented. As a musical comedy it is far superior to most of its kind and with but a little reorganization could become recognized as a light opera. About "Little Nellie Kelly" there is none of the usual ultra-modern atmosphere; nor is there a riot of color enhanced by exaggerated action. For these Cohan has fittingly substituted a very simple love story of situation with a quiet injection of subdued coloring. The appreciation of the artistic blending of qualities in the play grows on the critic as he follows the course of the action throughout the two and a half hours its showing requires.

The plot of "Little Nellie Kelly" is very simple as is that of every play of this type. Jack Lloyd a young millionaire has fallen in love with Nellie who is a clothes model in the shop of DeVere and has invited her to a party at his home given in her honor. Jerry Conroy a neighbor of Nellie's sees her going into Lloyd's home and thinking she is being kidnapped enters forcibly to save her. Lloyd's aunt Mrs. Langford shows Jerry his blunder and asks him to remain which he does to the embarrassment of Jack Lloyd. Competition for the favor of Nellie is then in order and that young lady is overwhelmed by attentions. Meanwhile De Vere, Jean, a modiste, Wellesley the butler, and Matilda the housekeeper have conspired to rob Mrs. Langford of a valuable string of pearls she is wearing. Someone switches off the lights and when they are turned on again the pearls are gone and Jerry Conroy as well. Captain Kelly, Nellie's father has in the role of duty entered the home to search for liquor so he takes charge of the affair. Suspicion points to Jerry as the thief but Nellie protests belief in his innocence. She leaves alone at the end of the party and in the finale of the first act meets Jerry before his home and asks him to explain his sudden departure. Here occurs one of the big moments of the production for Jerry tells her that he knew Jack Lloyd wished to see her home and that when the lights went out Jerry thought it was a good time to leave without giving offense. Jerry, played by Lester Cole, then sings a tender little ballad, "Nellie Kelly I Love You," and the curtain falls. As a fitting close for the first act Cohan could not have selected a more satisfying or more appropriate method. Mr. Cole interpreted the spirit of his character with great ability.

The scene of the second act is laid in the shop of DeVere where all those who attended Lloyds' party have been told to meet. Suspicion seems to point to Jerry as the thief but Nellie and Jack Lloyd openly profess belief in his innocence while the others say nothing. The four conspirators discover to their consternation that something has gone wrong with their plan, the pearls are not in their possession at all and each thinks another has them. By a clever ruse Mrs. Langford decides that the lights shall be turned out and the thief can then put back the pearls and he will be given $50,000. The pearls are restored but nobody claims the reward. Then it develops that the conspirators had been overheard in their plot and that the pearls had never been stolen. The four would-be thieves are given twenty four hours to leave town and they slink away.

Thus it may be seen the plot is quite trite but the clever handling of it has made it interesting and worth while. The numerous songs and dances that enliven the general trend of the play are all very well done. Miss Cavanaugh as Nellie gives a splendid performance while Lester Cole scores repeatedly throughout. These two are the shining lights of the play for altho the Mrs. Langford of Katherine Clare Ward is very well acted and De Vere in the person of Eugene Borden takes the part to perfection the rest of the cast is no more than fair. Joseph Niemeyer the feature dancer displays his ability to execute both formal and acrobatic dances on several occasions and his work stands out as being superior to the other dancing numbers.

"Little Nellie Kelly" impresses one as having a tender, pathetic humor instead of the uproarious kind. There is no pronounced tendency to exaggerate humor of situation, or of dialogue and absolutely nothing bordering on the slapstick. The first part of the action seems to lag and it is not until Nellie is introduced that a real interest in the play can be taken. From that time on the play holds our interest especially when the winning suitor is in doubt up till the last moment. No play could have satisfied unless the ending fitted in with the wishes of the audience so with a final moment of suspense saved until one thinks it has been overlooked, the last act of the principles shows Jack Lloyd announcing that Nellie accepted Jerry Conroy as "the only boy for her."

—ALBERT FARRELL, '26.

Books

ALBERT FARRELL

THE GREAT PANDOLFO
By William J. Locke
(Dodd, Mead and Company. 1925)

Imagine your self in the studio of a painter. The artist says, "Come in and I will show you my latest creation if you will submit to one condition: you must look at the picture through a mirror." And you pass into another room, are placed back to the canvas, with glass in hand awaiting the withdrawal of the curtain that covers the painting. Soon the artist uncovers his treasure and you gaze into the mirror, only to see there a diminutive bust painting, exquisitely done and deftly colored. You receive all the impressions which you would experience upon beholding the canvas at first hand, but something is lacking. You feel you are being politely ignored.

That is the way one feels when he has set aside "The Great Pandolfo." William Locke paints a picture, a character of a strong man, but he shows him to us through the eyes and heart of a beautiful and virtuous widow. He is the dominant character of the book, but still we view him from a feminine stand. And though the process gains in some respects by a certain difference of attitude, still it seems to leave one wanting.

Sir Victor Pandolfo is a combination of the following qualities, if such a being is possible: first of all, egotism; altruism from an egotistic angle; boisterousness; blustering; cock-sureness; generosity to a fault; persuasive in maner; dominating in personality. In a sense he reminds one of Gilbert K. Chesterton on a more exaggerated scale. He is a man of power and energy of will, bent on getting whatever he wants and successful in getting it. He is an inventor-artist, which makes a bad combination, and renders him impossible and inaccessible to most people. He discovers a new kind of metal which he names after his lady love, Mrs. Field, a widow. By sheer suggestion he makes her love him, and finally, by a queer series of unfortunate circumstances he meets and marries some French parasite who proves to be a complete failure. But that does not phase him in the least. He still loves Mrs. Field and she loves him, but there is that French woman. Well, she finally dies, repentant at her death for having abused the generosity of her husband. She kills herself rather, in despair, and when Pandolfo finds that she has outdone him in the matter of sacrifice he is broken. He prided himself on being a lavish giver, and some of his exploits in trying to accomodate people are humorous to an extreme. So, when he finds that this strumpet-woman who was his wife, finally turns Magdalen and shows him up, he is crushed. His great metal corporation busts and he is bankrupt. Anyhow, he finally marries Mrs. Field and all ends conventionally.

The most essential part of the book is the Pandolfo character. He is strong, big and generous, with attending accidental faults that always managed to keep him just one degree from her whom he loved. We really pity him, for all his foolishness, and marvel at his courage. He is a little too fantastic to be true, but what enjoyment in reading of his activities! He is amusing and hopeless by turns, and the beautiful Mrs. Field has a terrible time trying to bridle him. Mr. Locke hits spots of hard-pan at intervals, and comes dangerously near giving unnecesary explanations of some of the feelings and reactions of his puppets. But they are only plunges, and he emerges only slightly tainted. The diction is especially notable for its definiteness and smoothness, while his conversations are masterly. You will meet a Pandolfo every so often in life—they are real, although not quite as romantic as Mr. Locke's. And they are aggravating and entertaining to various degrees. But they usually boil over or burn out and calm down to be nice middle-aged conservative gentlemen. It's all in the way one takes them that will determine whether or not the meeting will have been disastrous or salutary.

THE MEN WHO MAKE OUR NOVELS
By Charles C. Baldwin—
(Dodd, Mead and Company, N. Y., 1924)

This is a book which ranks among the best of its kind ever published. The student of American literature will find it of great value to him in studying the men whose names have become connected with our modern fiction. Mr. Baldwin has selected eighty-seven representative novelists for discussion including those that may be called the modern fiction dictators and others who have attained more or less recognition as successful story writers. In "The Men Who Make Our Novels" the author has attempted to give the essential nature of each writer's works in a concise interesting way but there is no attempt made to give anything but a surface understanding of the man himself. Baldwin does not show himself as a critic but merely as a student of the connection between writers and their books.

Necessarily, a book treating however briefly of eighty-seven men must be of some size. Consequently Baldwin has written some six hundred odd pages in order to cover the subject adequately. The peculiar fact that strikes the reader however is that he has managed to put a different tone into each of the eighty seven short considerations. It is as tho Baldwin wrote of each subject after having just completed an intense study of the works this subject has done.

In style we might call Baldwin careless for he rambles on in a light conversational style injecting here and there short bits of interesting anedoctes about his author, now telling of something that occurred during a travelling trip or of some incident which served to provide an inspiration for a work or some other bit of gossip almost like a Pepys except that he sweeps aside much detail that Pepys would have seized as a choice morsel.

Above all Baldwin has an understanding of the psychology of those about whom he writes. He cannot be called a deep thinker but he is a good reviewer. As a press agent for several of these writers he is superb. His criticism is like the river "a mile wide and an inch deep" but it creates an interest and points the way which after all is probably the intention he had when writing the book.

From reading "The Men Who Make Our Novels" one can get an inside view into the dominating characteristics of the modern novel. The trend of present day fiction seems to lie in an opposite path to that which has heretofore been considered the necessary one for success. Baldwin brings out the modern tendency to stress the ornamental, the sensational and the "shock" novel. Several instances are given of euphonic construction in the most commonplace parts of books such as a minute discussion and dissection of the appearance of a minor character. From our critic's views it would seem that the ornate novel conveys the same idea as the plain one while at the same time giving the novelist a chance to express his aesthetic appreciation of his creation.

In opening each new discussion Baldwin makes a statement which contains the whole germ of the ensuing discourse. We may challenge this statement for often it is not otherwise substantiated nor developed. Like many writers the critic has a wanderlust at times and gets lost in interesting little byways from which he fails to return to complete his initial intention. By circling around his main point he can sometimes bring home what he is attempting but quite often he finds more fascinating material to write about and as we are not hyper-critics of the critic himself we easily overlook his deviation.

Baldwin's style in a final analysis might be termed journalistic. It is sort of a "take or leave it" matter and from the wealth of good that is mixed in between his own literature and that of his novelist friends few would care to leave it.

Baldwin's sense of value is fairly well developed and altho he speaks favorably of each author he places the most worthwhile ones in their proper places. Necessarily, since most of these writers are still actively engaged in production, the critic must be conservative in his judgments but it is not hard to discover which writers rank superior in his classification. He hails each "popular" writer with acclaim but does not convict himself by making predictions.

For a book that will give a broad, general knowledge of the best writers of modern fiction, the one you'll find most satisfactory is Charles C. Baldwin's "The Men Who Make Our Novels."

—ALBERT FARRELL, '26

THE DIVINE LADY
—E. Barrington—

The best that can be said about "novelty goods" is that they are transitory. Conservative things are reliable, but novelties are similar to that strange rumble that comes with earthquakes: when the rumble is heard, the tremor is generally over. This phenomenon is primarily true of our best sellers, the advertising is but the rumble; the demand but the tremor. They are both transitory. Amongst these we have E. Barrington's "The Divine Lady."

"The Divine Lady" is a semi-biographic sketch of three important personages who lived a little over a century ago, namely Lord and Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson. Barrington deals with her facts in an admirable way. The style is attractive, smooth and pleasing. Her plot is simple. Emma Lyon, daughter of a poor family, after her marriage to a Mr. Hart, becomes the female companion of several gay English Lords. Eventually she comes into the hands of the widower Lord Hamilton, ambassador of His English Majesty to Naples, who in the course of time makes her his wife. Years after, Nelson, then a simple navy commander, comes under the influential personality of the Lady. She becomes his mistress. The premature death of the famous English admiral at Trafalgar marks the end to Barrington's otherwise uneventful work.

This new best seller, in so far as novelties go, is commendable. The public is unconsciously given a few historic facts that may awaken interest in the part which the principal characters played, and this may prove to be but a door to a new educational field in the minds of some novelty seekers. Besides, Barrington's novels are a much needed relief for the minds of these up-to-date readers, who are generally stuffed with highly exaggerated and cheap romances. Barrington's main distinctions are: novelty, a rare treatment of female characters, and a clear style of writing. Her second characteristic is the most prominent. In her "Divine Lady" we have the authoress treating a delicate subject in a very conventional manner.

Lady Hamilton's immorality is referred to extensively but lightly; we are told the truth yet we are not offended by the vileness. This feminine delicacy is a part of Barrington's success; she is obviously a lady and consequently deals with her subjects with gentleness. Perhaps this is rendered somewhat feasible by the very character of Lady Hamilton. In her we have a successful adventuress. She was an acknowledged "free lancer" in her morals, yet some of her friends were royal and her schemes national. She played her cards well and fortune should have given her a happier ending than that of the debtor's unrestfulness, which was ultimately hers. Certainly the great Admiral owed much to her, for when mortally wounded at Trafalgar, some of his last words were, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country."

Nelson is a world character. A man born of humble people, he reached the heights of any man's ambition when he became England's greatest admiral. Our hero was a very successful commander; victory was continually favoring him, and he was idolized by his followers. The absence of his right eye and leg, lost in two memorable battles, amply testified his heroism, while the medals on his breast showed his country's gratitude. His supermanly traits were never more in evidence than when under fire. He died at the top of his career, for the battle of Trafalgar, where he was mortally wounded was his greatest triumph. This victory made England the mistress of the sea and saved her from invasion; more could be expected from no man. In this world-battle, when the fate of the world rested on the issue, Nelson uttered as a signal for the opening of hostilities the immortal words, "England expects every man to do his duty."

—L. DE LA PENA, '26

HARMLESS

We ran across a neatly bound paper volume by C. L. Lewis Hind that was published in 1922. The work is a collection of articles that appeared in "The Christian Science Monitor" and carries as a title "More Authors and I." Mr. Hind presents a perfect illustration of "harmless" literary criticism. The articles, or sketches, are written in a conversational tone, in that light, fleeting atmosphere that characterizes a well-paid journalist rather than a trained litterateur. His victims range all the way from humorists like George Ade to nature lovers like W. H. Hudson, and from classic novelists like George Eliot to modern poets like Bliss Carman.

It is a good book to read if you are so infernally bored with life that a bland second would kill you, but if you are normal, please steer clear from it. We mention it in this column only because it demonstrates this point: the futility of trying to make literature out of half-baked magazine articles. That refers to Grant Overton, John Farrar, and others who are not quite so bad as Mr. Hind but who have attempted the same sort of thing.

Sports

LOUIS CONLAN, Editor

ELTON LAWLESS

SAINTS WILL BATTLE TROJANS

—By Tom Coakley—

All aboard for Los Angeles!

Thursday night at 8:00 o'clock Coach Slip Madigan, the Varsity squad, a corps of trainers and managers, water-boys and what-nots will leave Oakland aboard the Padre to invade the University of Southern California campus. And this list does not include the many students who still are hopeful of bumming, begging or borrowing transportation along the highways and byways of California in order to be present in the Los Angeles Coliseum on December 12th, when the afore mentioned gentlemen of the more desirable mode of travel will wage battle with, and emerge victorious over a body of men called the Trojans.

And gentlemen, do not deceive yourselves by believing that it will not be a great battle. We learn from history that many battles have been won before the combatants ever appeared on the field, but not so with football, and especially not so with this particular football battle.

For a whole year the enemy has been preparing, scheming and anxiously awaiting the day when they might prove to us that the Goddess of Ill-luck flew over their camp one November day in 1924. And for the same length of time we have been anxiously awaiting the opportunity to prove to them that the Goddess of Luck had nothing to do with our victory of that memorable day, but that the better team won.

An now on the eve of the game the two teams are conceded to be evenly matched. Both teams are largely composed of veterans; both have a splendid record for the season; and above all both teams are desirous of proving that the upsets of two weeks ago are no criteria of their respective abilities.

On Thanksgiving Day it took the Saint Mary's Varsity three whole quarters to demonstrate that it was better than Santa Clara. Doped to win by three touchdowns or more, the end of the half found us on the short end of the score. The final score indicated a superiority of only twelve points, if we may judge superiority by points alone. Two days later, in Los Angeles, Washington State, a team which had failed to score a touchdown all season, upset the dope by handing U. S. C. a 17-12 beating.

So on Saturday we may rest assured that Coach Madigan will be out to prove that his team, with its injured and sick members once more in shape, is every bit as good as rated in early season. And we may also depend on it that Coach Howard Jones will strive to demonstrate that his recent defeat was just one of the many unexplained upsets of football and that his Trojans are likewise all that was claimed of them.

One feature of the game will be the number of stars on both teams. Newspaper experts have awarded more places on the mythical Coast Conference eleven to U. S. C. than to any other one institution. These same men in submitting their choices, though knowing that Saint Mary's was not a member of the conference, saw fit to mention the fact that some of our players would displace those selected if it were to be an all-coast and not all-conference team.

Probably the greatest battle for supremacy will be fought by Bettencourt and Cravath, the latter having been chosen all-conference center. We of Saint Mary's backed by numerous newspaper critics, think that Larry has no peer on the Coast and we are assured that he is going to justify our faith in him.

Although Brice Taylor, another all-conference choice, has been more widely heralded than our own Red Watson, we are inclined to believe that Red will be out to prove that he and not Brice Taylor is the best running guard on the coast. Red can go him one better in that he is the official goal-kicker for the team while Taylor's name appears in the "points scored" column.

What a battle for honors at left end! Hobbs Adams, the third U. S. C. contribubtion to the all conference team and rightly so, has yet to demonstrate that he is a better man than Pat O'Rourke, Saint Mary's candidate for all-American.

And in the backfield we find promise of an equally great fight. U. S. C. boasts of as great a set of fleet-footed backs as the west has ever witnessed. Saint Mary's on the other hand will bank on her diversified attack and triple-threat men to outshine the Trojan ball-carriers.

With such an array of stars on both teams, with such good coaching, and with such excellent season records we defy anyone to dope the game other than to promise a real fight and a Saint Mary's victory.

BASKETBALL PROSPECTS

Coach Slip Madigan issued the first call for basketball on Tuesday, December 1. Twenty men responded, a number that will be greatly increased after football is over.

The prospects for a successful season are very bright. Five letter men form the nucleus around which Coach Madigan will build his team. Conlan, the stellar running guard who two years ago was looked upon as the best running guard in collegiate circles, will again don a suit and show how shots from the center should be made. Conlan was out last year because of a football injury but Coach Madigan is banking heavily upon his star quarterback to live up to his past reputation. Elt Lawless, a three year letter man, and high point forward of the 1925 Varsity will again lead the offense. Elt was a bit slower than usual last year, but this season promises to turn in some fancy scores.

Alby Farrell, another three year veteran, is another player upon whom Madigan is depending. Alby is one of the most versatile players around these parts, being equally at home at guard or forward. Jim Underhill is a two year veteran center, from whom great things are expected this year. Jim has an uncanny eye for the bucket and is fast and shifty.

Tom Coakley, a one year veteran, is a clever, aggressive guard. His ability to break up plays and feed the forwards make him a valuable man.

There are many new men out for the team who look like varsity material, but it is a bit too early to judge them. No doubt, there will be many more new men out after Christmas and some of these may break into the varsity squad.

However, the late football season makes it impossible to do very much work with the basketball squad as most of the players are still playing football, but it is Madigan's idea to call out all the new men not football players and sift them out, so that practice may start in earnest right after the holidays.

Here and There on the Gridiron

—By Louis Conlan—

When the West faces the East on December 26, probably the finest array of talent ever assembled for a football game will be seen in action. While both participants will be lacking in perfection of team play, the game nevertheless should be overrun with spectacular plays, giving the spectators an abundance of excitement.

We have heard a great deal of such stars as Pond, Yale; Garbisch, Army; Weir, Nebraska; and Tyron, Colgate. This game will afford us the opportunity of watching these men in action, and determining for ourselves if they are as good as we have been led to believe.

o—o—o

Just an instance of the unreliability of All-American teams. A well-known Eastern critic picked Taylor of U. S. C. as a guard on his first team, while several local critics who saw Taylor in action only rated him on their second all-Coast eleven. What's the score?

o—o—o

Washington State's defeat of U. S.C. can be classed as the Coast's greatest upset. Previous to that game, W. S. C. had not scored a touchdown, and were victorious on but one occasion, that being against Montana, when they made three field goals. U. S. C. on the other hand, leads all the teams on the coast in the matter of scoring points.

o—o—o

Officials very often play the deciding role in a close game of football. For this reason a great deal of caution should be taken to see that competent men are selected to referee the major contests. As it is now, officiating is somewhat a matter of politics, with the larger institutions holding the upper hand.

Some method should be devised whereby officials are selected in advance for all contests, with no worry of losing their position because of inflicting penalties as they see them. At the present time coaches put a ban on officials whom they think might not give them the edge in a critical moment. And an official will naturally sway toward the institution that will furnish him the most work.

o—o—o

If the fraternities, and over-enthusiastic alumni members of a great many colleges and universities would leave the coaches more to themselves in regard to the selecting of men for their teams, they would obtain better results.

o—o—o

No game is a set-up in football. Almost every critic conceded Washington to be superior to Oregon by at least four touchdowns. Yet the Huskies won out from Oregon 15-14 in the last few minutes of play.

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NOTES ON PLAYERS

By Louis Conlan

There was never a more sincere, hard working, modest athlete in the history of Saint Mary's College than Red Strader, and it is doubtful if in the years to come Saint Mary's will have another such man. At one time during the season he played with a torn ligament in his left shoulder, water on his right knee, and blood poisoning in his left leg. Even the day before the Santa Clara game he had his knee opened, and the water drained, and all during the game he played with a high fever. In playing through the games in such condition, he sacrificed his personal glary and great reputation for the good of his team and Alma Mater.

Students of Saint Mary's take off your hats, and bow to Red Strader, respect and revere him while he is here, for you will never meet another such man.

Pat O'Rourke has been a tower of strength to the Saints' line all year, and was more than missed in the Santa Clara game. With the big end in there, things would have taken a different aspect. Pat will probably be back in the line-up for the U. S. C. contest. At least that is what every ardent Saint Mary's rooter hopes for.

Though Swede Nelson is not a flashy player, he is probably the steadiest and most consistent man on our line. He has played all year without much recognition, but if you note carefully where the opposition gained through our line, you will find they very seldom got by Swede.

Sparky Farrell has made great strides at quarterback, as was evidenced in the past games. Next year he should be one of the most dependable signal callers on the coast.

Larry Bettencourt continues to be the outstanding center on the Pacific Coast. Sandy Goodman, former Army tackle, claims him to be better than either Garbisch of the Army or Walsh of Notre Dame, two of the outstanding centers of last season.

The feature man of the field Thanksgiving day was Leo Rooney our slim halfback. From the time he entered the game in the middle of the first half, until the end, he was a constant threat. Although he was hit hard, time after time, he always came back for more. Indeed we should be thankful that we had him in our line-up.

Another man who came through when needed most was Al Tobin. Going in for Hicks who was injured during the first half, Al turned in the best game of his career.

After being on the sidelines most of the season nursing a misplaced ligament in his shoulder, Al Collins returned to the line-up in the Santa Clara contest and looked better than ever. He went through the whole game without renewing his injury, so it is certain he will be in the U. S. C. game Saturday.

Two of the three touchdowns in the Big Game were scored by Jim Underhill our fleet right half. The first came after a perfectly executed pass, the second was the result of a thirty-five yard run.

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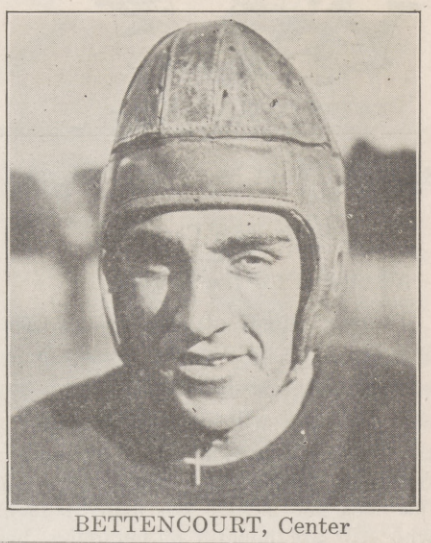
Saints Win Big Game, 19-7

O'ROURKE, Left End

NELSON, Left Tackle

WATSON, Left Guard



BETTENCOURT, Center

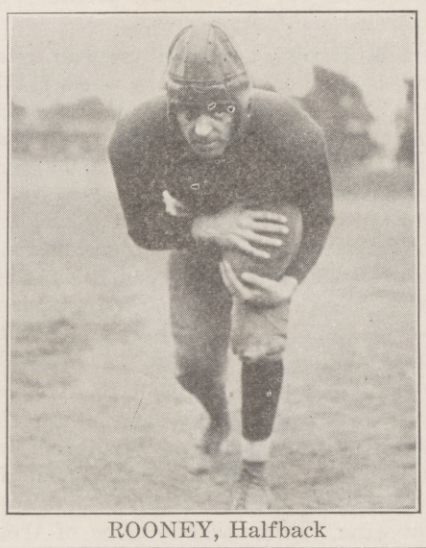
Before a record Thanksgiving Day crowd, Saint Mary's Varsity defeated the bucking Broncos from Santa Clara in one of the best games of the season. Every one who attended the contest left satisfied that he had seen "some game." The Saints had been given a big edge before the game by some of the so-called experts, but before the game was three minutes old, it was proven that the experts were wrong, as usual.

From the opening till the final minute the game was one of action and excitement. Santa Clara's remarkable improvement coupled with the effects of a "flu" epidemic that visited the Saint Mary's Varsity just previous to Thanksgiving, rendered the two teams almost equal. The Broncos fought as they never fought before; the Saints responded with invincible determination. It was a hard, clean fight till the very end.

The game was hardly three minutes old when "Connie" Storm scooped up Strader's fumble and ran 40 yards to a touchdown. What a shock! Not only to Saint Mary's rooters, but to every one at the game. Then to show that this was not a "flash in the pan" the Broncos proceeded to march down the field to another touchdown. Would they make it? Was the 1923 upset to revive itself in 1925? These were some of the queries that the Blue and Red supporters used to worry one another. The Broncos were on the 3 yard line, when "Pope" Illia recovered a Santa Clara fumble. The touchdown drive was checked; the score remained Santa Clara 7 Saint Mary's 0.

Then, out of a a clear sky, came little Leo Roney. Twisting, dodging, and swerving behind perfect interference, he reversed the field and ran 90 yards to a touchdown. Shock number two! No one but an actual witness of the game can fully appreciate Leo's remarkable feat. It was so unexpected. Just at the moment when Saint Mary's hearts were sinking Leo gave them all a "pep" tonic.

UNDERHILL, Halfback



ROONEY, Halfback

The goal for the extra point hit the cross-bar and fell back on the field; but that did not mean much to the rapturous rooters from the "Old Brick Pile." They now knew that the Varsity was its old self; and that it was only a matter of time before they would score again.

The Saints came back on the field in the second half determined to tally as soon as possible. It was not long after the half had commenced, when Jim Underhill accepted Rooney's pass for a net gain of 30 yards and another touchdown. The third touchdown was a result of one of Underhills off-tackle scampers; Jimmy totaled 30 yards on this play. "Red" Watson kicked the extra point after the second touchdown, but failed in his third attempt.

Although Leo Rooney was the outstanding star of the game, there are several others who played exceptionally well. Al Tobin, the freshman demon, played a "bang up" game at tackle; Al seems to have gained some confidence in himself, and should continue the pace he set in the Santa Clara game. Al Collins, once more back in shape, was a big asset at right end.

Larry Bettencourt and Frankain caused no endless amount of trouble to the Bronco backs; they were continually rushing the man with the ball, and succeeded in blocking one of Casanova's punts.

Just a reminder before I close. Will Saint Mary's men ever forget the valiant fight the team made when Santa Clara failed to score on five plays with the ball on the one yard line? How that forward wall held! Time after time, a Santa Clara back would dive into the line only to come into contact with an unyielding stone wall. They could not make a gain at this time, when they most needed it. Why? Not only because the Saints were too good for them, but also because the entire Saint Mary's student body was behind the team spiritually, holding back the Broncos.

The line-up:

Collins	R. E. L.	Storm (Capt)
Hicks	R. T. L.	Gallagher
Illia	R. G. L.	Sumner
Bettencourt	C	Granucci
Watson	L. G. R.	Valine
Nelson	L. T. R.	Chisholm
Frankain	L. E. R.	Malley
Conlan	Q	Dagley
Underhill	R. H. L.	Hassler
Grant (Capt)	L. H. R.	Casanova
Strader	F	McCormick

TOUCHDOWNS—Saint Mary's—Rooney, Underhill (2)

—Santa Clara—Storm

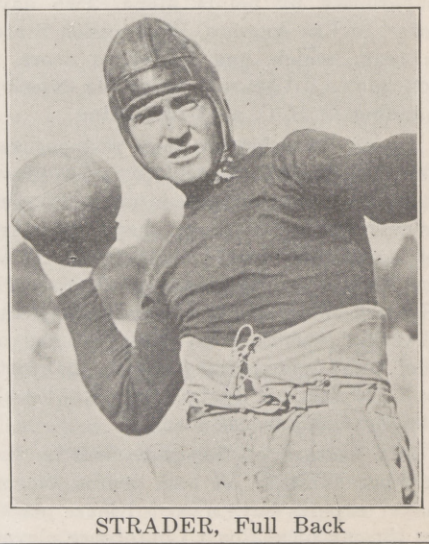
GOAL AFTER TOUCHDOWN—

Saint Mary's—Watson

Santa Clara—Gallagher

TOBIN, Tackle—FRANKAIN, End

HERRIN, Guard



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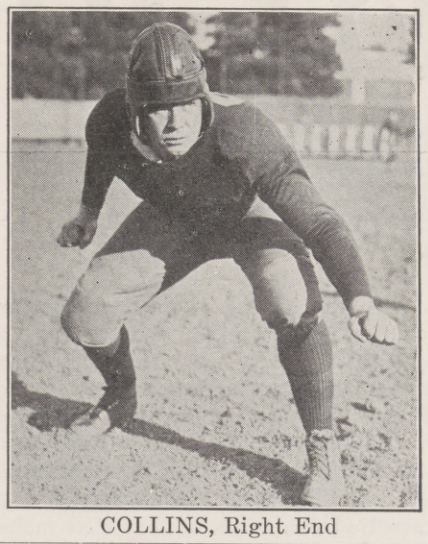
Saints Win Conference Title

ILLIA, Right Guard

HICKS, Right Guard



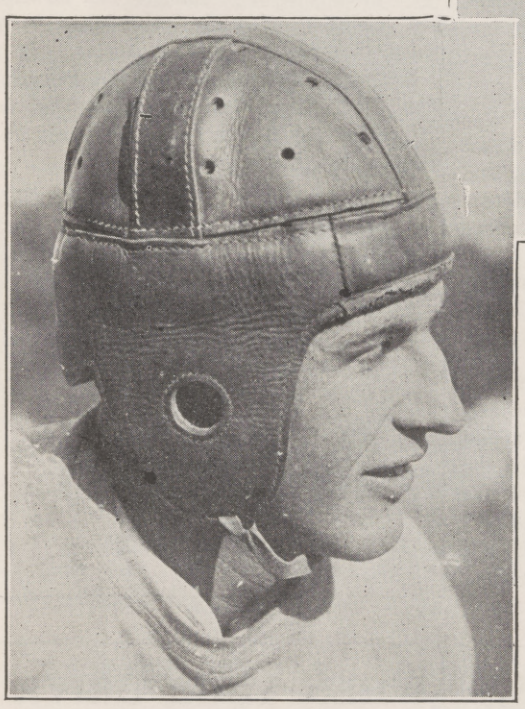
COLLINS, Right End

CONLAN, Quarterback

INJURIES HINDERED PROGRESS OF VARSITY

"Saint Mary's with a veteran team, looms as candidate for supremacy in coast football next year." This was the cry of nearly every sport writer and football critic on the Pacific Coast at the end of the 1924 season. And they were justified in believing this, for the team that lost one of the hardest fought games of the season to California by a close score, and later triumphed over the Olympic Club, Santa Clara, Nevada, U. S. C. and several others in a most emphatic manner, was to lose but two men, and had very capable substitutes to take their places.

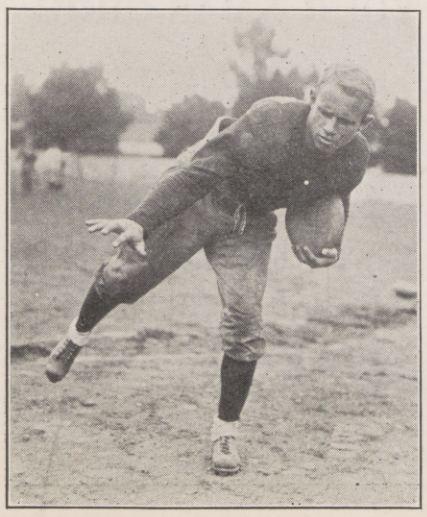
But little did these critics know, that during the 1925 season Saint Mary's was to be pursued by an unshakeable



CAPTAIN GRANT, Halfback

jinx in the form of injuries. Little did they realize that in the first scrimmage of the year, the captain would be injured and forced to remain out of the game for most of the season. They never thought Al Collins the charging right end would hurt his shoulder before the first game and be forced to the side-

SMITH, Halfback



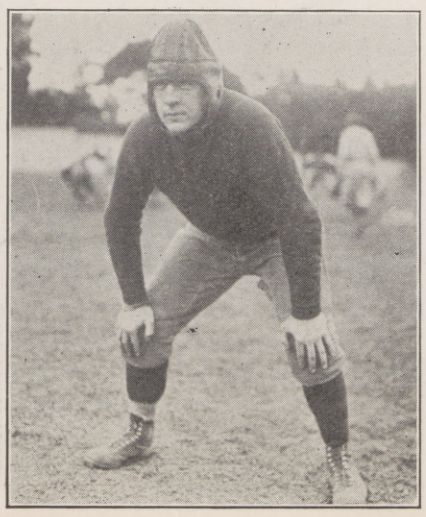
lines. No one suspected that in the first game Red Strader the iron man of the squad would hurt his shoulder and remain under a serious handicap all

E. P. "SLIP" MADIGAN, Coach

year, and that Jack Scarlet would break his leg. After this, Illia the giant guard tore the ligaments in his shoulder and "Sparky" Farrell, Leo Rooney, and Homer Hicks were laid up with blood poison. And to cap the climax on the whole affair, Pat O'Rourke was sent to the hospital with the flu while Dutch Conlan started the Big game in a weakened condition due to the same sickness.

The game with U. S. C. is still to be played, and all of the Saint supporters are looking for their team to repeat the victory of last year. If the injured members of the squad are in good shape for that game, the Saints have more than an even chance for victory.

FARRELL, Quarterback



SAINTS WIN FAR WESTERN CONFERENCE TITLE

	W.	L.	Pct.
Saint Mary's	3	0	1000
Nevada	3	1	666
California Aggies	2	2	500
College of Pacific	1	3	333
Fresno State	0	3	000

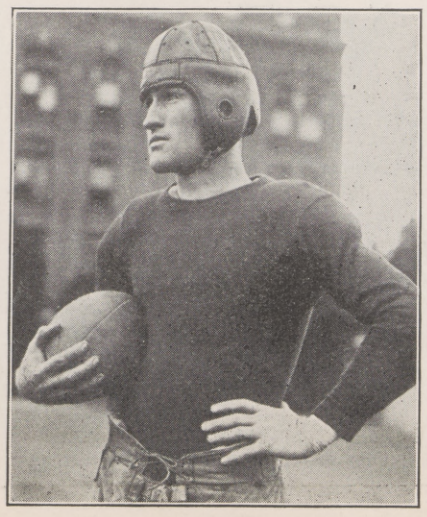
Saint Mary's swamped the Fresno State Teachers 61-14 Saturday in its last local appearance of the season and proved decisively that it had no threatening rival in the Far Western Conference with the possible exception of Nevada, who were beaten by the Saints earlier in the season 35-0. Although comparative scores do not reveal the teams composing the Conference to be of the exact caliber originally prophesied by football experts, some of the scores of the season's games show a marked reverse in strength accorded them in early practice. For instance, the Fresno State club was predicted to end in the first division by a near margin while Nevada was conceded to be a huge stumbling block in the winner's way.

The remaining teams displayed off and on flashes of the power critics spoke of during pre-season practice, and the final standing of the teams hardly infers the hair-breadth closeness morally separating each other and not shown by the averages.

An example of the strength Fresno State, the tail-end club, was able to show to advantage, was the game against Santa Clara, a non-Conference team, which they lost 6-0 after holding the Broncos for three hectic periods. With Santa Clara giving Saint Mary's one of the hardest fights the Saints met with thus far, and Fresno holding Santa Clara to such a low score, it was evident that Saint Mary's would be in for another tough tussle. But the dope was wrong and Saint Mary's won the title thumbs down and with but little difficulty.

In the Conference schedule Saint Mary's remains undefeated, having turned back the California Aggies, Nevada, and Fresno State in as capable a manner as Coach "Slip" Madigan deemed necessary. These victories, together with those on non-Conference teams, unmistakably show the power the Saints have displayed this season, and the success they enjoyed in winning the title of the Far Western Conference in its initial season.

MERRICK, Halfback



LOUIS "DUTCH" CONLAN

By the Assistant Sport Editor

Our worthy sport editor howled most viciously when we submitted this "write-up" about himself, even so viciously that we had to appeal to the editor in chief to veto his cancelling of this piece. For Louis Conlan is unassuming above all his other virtues, and anything like personal publicity in his own section of The Collegian would seem to him unnecessary patting upon the back.

But you know how it is with player-writers—they can't possibly include themselves in comments about the team, so we feel it our duty, in this last issue of The Collegian for the semester, to say a few words about Dutch Conlan.

He came to Saint Mary's from Commerce High, San Francisco, with a reputation in football, baseball and basketball. During his last year there he was picked on the all-city football team as a half-back and on the all-city basketball team as a guard. It did not take Dutch long to acclimate himself to Saint Mary's, for in his first year here he won a regular berth at guard on the basketball squad, and in 1923 he was regular quarterback on the football varsity. This season he has been out of the line-up to quite an extent, due to injuries and sickness, but he has shown himself a master field general.

But aside from athletics, Dutch is a leader in scholarship and student activities, being president of the Associated Students and of several other things about the College. Dutch is a natural leader in everything that he attempts. His smile and good words are always prominent, and he commands the respect of all. He has justly won the distinction of being the most popular man on the campus, and as a sport editor he is a very congenial "boss".

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On and Off the Campus

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ALUMNI RALLY BANQUET

The annual Saint Mary's Alumni Banquet, held in connection with the Saint Mary's football rally, was held on Thanksgiving Eve, and was marked with the usual manifestation of gaiety always typifying the occasion.

The banquet, annually attracting hundreds of former alumni and friends of the College, was a huge success, and the program of entertainment composed by the committee of arrangements and furnished by outside talent, was very commendable.

It is only at such meetings at these that the former Alumni are able to get together to recreate in them the spirit that dominated their lives and made their College days so memorable.

MANAGERS DO GOOD WORK

The splendid work of the football managers during the present season has commanded the fullest appreciation from those who have been benefited by their work, and the football players realize that with Stephen Driscoll as senior manager, the managerial system has been at its best. Sacrificing a few hours each day for the progress and convenience of the football team, their duties in the eyes of the students have entertained a responsibility that has been marked with perfect willingness in helping the players all through the season.

With the football season practically at a close for the winter months, the student managers come in for their share of congratulations in the work accepted and so efficiently conducted by them during the year. The student body realizes the worth of these men and extends to them a word of thanks: Stephen Driscoll, Senior manager; Keegan and Pickering, Juniors; Williams, Stolich and Brophy, Sophomores; Linehan, Heinze, Le Sage, Bertain and Jennings, Freshmen.

FORTY HOURS DEVOTION

The forty hours devotion annually celebrated during the season of Advent, started Tuesday December 8, with High Mass and a short sermon delivered by Father Daugherty, and will end on Thursday with High Mass.

LAW STUDENTS MAKING FINAL PREPARATION FOR CLOSE OF FIRST SEMESTER

—By Thomas Kelly—

With the advent of the Holiday Season the proverbial joy that reigns unconfined is somewhat mitigated by the thought of examinations. However, once those discomforting features are past, the student in Law classes will have nothing to worry about till the beginning of the second year. In that respect they have that one touch of fear that makes all students kin.

The close of the first semester of the present school year marks the close of a very successful period of endeavor in the Law School. The second year men have been getting in some real work and feel that they have accomplished some material things that will be of value in their futures as barristers. The first year men, as is to be expected, have been a bit slower getting started, but now that the first period is about over, they too feel that they have really made a start and from now on they will be among those who are making hay while the sun shines.

However, the interest of the Law students is as broad as it is deep and that interest is not confined to the intricacies of the law. It extends also to all the legitimate activities which occupy the attention of the students in the day classes at Saint Mary's. Witness the Saint Mary's campaign for funds to build a new college. Along with the other students of the College the embryo lawyers were among the first to go "over the top."

As followers of the Saint Mary's football team none were more loyal than those who burn the midnight oil in determining the rights of partners and the liabilities of tort feasors. Each game was like unto a court gathering, for there perched high in the reserved seats and even squatting behind the players' bench were to be seen law students with brief cases tucked under their arms.

It is quite evident that with the beginning of the law school, Saint Mary's added another very important feature to the College life. This group of students has brought to the College a unique and salutary influence—it has already added something to the existing prestige of the institution and in the future we look for that influence for good to increase and multiply in proportion to the increase each year in the registration of the newly founded School of Law.

BIG GAME STUNTS

Congratulations Brother Vantasian, Yell Leaders and Students! The stunts at the Santa Clara game were marvelous; not an important mistake during the whole presentation.

That the execution of the stunts was perfect, is evident from what happened at the game. Santa Clara had just completed their stunts, when the Red and Blue came up with a big "S" accompanied with the pronunciation of the letter. Perfect! The spectators let out an audible gasp. Then the section completed the spelling of the word "Saints" without a single miscue. The Saint Mary's rooters also formed an interlocking "SC" and "SM" with the cards. During the first half of the game the Saint Mary's rooting caps formed a blue M on a red field; at the beginning of the second half the colors were reversed.

When the stunts had been completed the best event of all took place; that is the best to Saint Mary's men. The tearing up of the cards. Only old Saint Mary's students can appreciate fully the exuberance caused by this stunt. After four long anxious years of waiting, the cards were finally doomed to destruction. With a vengeance worthy of anyone possessed of the devil, each one made many litle cards out of his one large paste-board. "Oh, boy what a time!"

PAGE MR. FORD

Over-laden Fords continue to attract great attention around the campus, and now they are having contests to determine if the tonnage capacity as represented on the little identification card is correct or not. Aside from this the general makeup of the Ford still remains the same to date.

EXAMINATIONS

With the date of the examinations steadfastly approaching, the fifth-floor bookworms have become enrapt in the thick veil of studious atmosphere that has enveloped that section of the building, and many of the more renowned students have formulated worded constitutions and rules of study applying to their individual cases. It is a common occurrence to see the library filled to capacity with freshmen feverishly looking for references in books of all dimensions and description, as well as others debating upon the worth of a literary man already made famous.

SA-LE-AN CLUB ENTERTAINS FOOTBALL TEAM

On the evening of December 1 the Sa-Le-An Club of Saint Leo's Parish, Piedmont, entertained the members of the Varsity football team with a dance in the parish auditorium. Besides the Varsity there were many other Saint Mary's men there to share the genial hospitality of the Sa-Le-An girls.

This dance was the first given by the Club in over a year and the event was welcomed by all those who remember the jolly times given in the old hall on Piedmont avenue. Prior to the building of the new church at Saint Leo's, the Sa-Le-Ans gave monthly dances, and always the majority of male attendants were Saint Mary's men.

Everyone is glad to see the resumption of this custom, and hope that in future the Sa-Le-An girls will hold regular social events.

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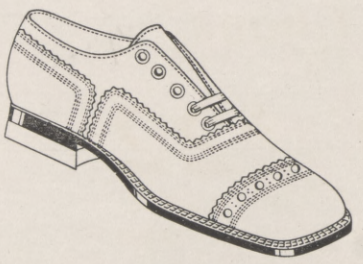

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CAMPAIGN FOR NEW COLLEGE LAUNCHED IN BAY CITIES

Saint Mary's College has begun its public solicitation of funds for a new $3,000,000 collegiate home in the Oakland hills. Beginning auspiciously in Oakland and the East Bay district, several hundred campaign leaders have directed their appeals to the lofty ideals of business and industrial interests, generally, for funds which will give to California one of the largest men's universities in the nation.

Similar campaigns will be conducted in San Francisco, Sacramento, Los Angeles, San Diego, Fresno, Stockton and other cities of the state in completing the fund of $1,500,000 required for the construction of the inital unit of six of the thirteen buildings which will comprise the new college. Upon completion of this unit, the "old brickpile", as we affectionately call our present home, will be razed and the property sold to continue the building program.

Being as close to events as we are, most of us fail to recognize that we are fortunate in being students of Saint Mary's College and fortunate in being instrumental in the construction of the new university. There will be many times in future years when we will look back with pride on those eventful days when we organized our campus and carried the campus campaign "over the top" to the tune of $30,000.

The extent of our good fortune in being part of the student body of Saint Mary's is indicated best by statements of representative men whom all regard as authorities, for example:

Dr. W. W. Campbell, president of the University of California, speaking before the East Bay campaign workers at their opening banquet said: "Education that is purely education fails to meet the needs of the modern age. I believe that something of the spiritual should attend education."

Grover Magnin, San Francisco campaign chairman, upon accepting direction of the San Francisco campaign said: "I know that Saint Mary's is doing a wonderful work for young men. It is instilling ideals of true democracy. You are without your social organizations and other groups that are conducive to the creation of a caste system."

Similiar statements are made by more than a score of leading men from both sides of the bay as contained in a campaign folder, just issued. These statements bring us to a realization that it was a fortunate day when we knocked at the door of Saint Mary's College for the first time.

There is still much work, however, to be done in raising a sum of $1,500,000 to continue the building program. We have done our part financially—now let us sit down and endeavor to ascertain if we can help in some other way.

Perhaps, there is some relative, some friend, some acquaintance who is in a position to swell the building funds and who would be glad to do his part for the furtherance of such a worthy cause.

If you know of a way to help, don't fail to communicate your idea to the persons who will be able to act upon it.

SECRET BUSINESS

Brother Agnon for the past month has been making hasty week-end visits to Los Angeles, the nature of which still remains cloudy to the members of his Logic class. Short pre-class inquiries directed at the "Bond Merchant" have been in vain, but it was only yesterday that a member of the Senior class learned that his talks given before Los Angeles business men have been of significant value in encouraging work in the Building Campaign. Co-operation in the campaign in that city has been of great importance towards the success of the campaign in the South, and Brother Agnon's talks have been largely instrumental in the encouragement and success met with thus far.

YE RECORDER

In the "off" moments between classes as well as before and after classes, a good deal of time and energy is taken up devising ways and means of securing transportation to Los Angeles in order to see the Varsity in action against U. S. C. Ray Deasy claims that his "Spark Plug" can do the stretch in less time than it took him last year.

Another potential Barney Oldfield is Frank Feehan who is willing to "spot" any rival the distance from here to King City and then roll into Hollywood ahead of all competitors.

Leo Marcollo is busy determining just what degree of punishment is fitting for a criminal who will commit a larceny on a perfectly good overcoat in the dead of winter. Moral . . . don't leave your "Benny" in a parked machine on Broadway.

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A. P. G. U. LUNCHEON

In keeping with the tradition of the society, the A. P. G. U. football luncheon in honor of the Varsity was held at the Athens Athletic Club on November 25th. More than two hundred were present including members of the faculty, the Varsity, students and alumni and the affair proved an enjoyable one for all present.

The chief speaker of the day was Hon. Judge Lennon, Dean of the Law School, while Mr. Albert Shine, Brother Lawrence, Coach Bodie Andrews and our own "Mr. America" as Gerald Martin referred to Brother Agnon, also spoke a few words. Captain Hugh Grant speaking for the team predicted a victory over Santa Clara by two touchdowns. Gerald Martin in the role of toastmaster served capably in that capacity, making but one slight "faux pas" which was overlooked however in the excitement of the moment.

At the conclusion of the dinner several yells were given for various members of the team following which the "Alma Mater" was sung and the affair was then brought to a close.

RAYMOND KEEGAN ILL

Raymond Keegan, the editor of the 1926 Collegian Annual was stricken with appendicitis shortly before Thanksgiving and is now convalescing after undergoing a very successful operation at the Saint Francis Hospital in San Francisco.

This fateful occurrence will deprive Barney of all the sighs and hostilities connected with the approaching exams, but authoritative information has it that Barney has planned a strict and rigid attack to cope with any examination questions available for him to answer so it looks like a Keegan victory when he returns.

PUDDLE JUMPERS DISBAND

Occupants of the two campus cottages apparently are overjoyed at seeing the low places in the track being leveled to drain accumulated rain-water always held there during the rainy weather. Larry Bettencourt, on an evening stroll to one of the houses missed a little dry spot in the middle of a small lake before Dutch Conlan's door, and was amazed at the noisy merriment given him in his misfortune by the rude inhabitants of the cottage. Larry says he should have been informed of the depth of the puddle, although he only had to swim two strokes to reach dry land. Hereafter he says he will demand an escort on all evening strolls to either of the two houses.

STUDENT WORLD COURT ADOPTED

The interest recently shown in the adoption of a Student World Court, a movement originating in the Eastern states, concerning the advancement of education in the nation's universities and colleges continues to grow with amazing popularity. The student Court with membership reaching to some 263 educational institutions in the United States, has its official seat at the University of Princeton, in New Jersey. The exact nature of this recent accomplishment shows clearly the widespread interest that students are manifesting in the mutual welfare of educational problems arising in their schools, and the work that is being done for the improvement of College courses.

While the outcome of the complex problems placed for solution before the World Court do not pertain to any other than those who are members of the organization, enrollment is daily increasing due to the interest in problems sometimes applicable to individual school affairs. For instance, there was recently placed before the representatives in conference at Princeton, the question whether or not the R. O. T. C. military training should be abolished in state colleges and universities. The problem was presented by a New York City College where military training was compulsory, and a final vote on the proposition revealed that practically the entire student body was against the enforced training. While this meant that students were against a course requiring inconvenient attendance the idea of the worth and need of military training should not be confused with the comparative worth of a course perhaps far less advantageous or beneficial.

ACCIDENTS DO HAPPEN!!

The reason "Cowboy" Smith has been wearing the novel head-dress characteristic of the fashion of India, was caused by an automobile accident, he so advised inquiring friends lately. According to Boyd the night was dark and stormy and only an automobile with spiked tires could remain unmolested on the highways. Being that his tires were minus this remedy a sharp turn on the slippery road caused the bump he now has on his head. If anyone is wondering if this mishap will slow up his speed on the football field or hamper his work on the gridiron they will only have to glance at him on the field to verify their opinion that it certainly will not.

HIGH SCHOOL

THE THIRTY-FIVE'S

The football weight teams received very little notice during the past season, and so we believe the "135's" are entitled to a little publicity.

They were the only weight squad in the high school that really tried to become a football team.

They started their season in fine style, holding the much heavier Peacock Athletic Club to a close score. They then defeated the Holy Name Society, Sacred Heart Reserves and the Piedmont Athletic Club. The Deaf and Dumb Academy broke their string of victories however with a 13 to 0 score. The "135's" quickly returned to their winning ways however, and defeated their next opponents, Travis All-Stars by the score of 35 to 0. Then came their most important game, that with the Berkeley High 135's. They put up a splendid game but were unfortunate. The failure to convert a touchdown cost them the game. The score was 7 to 6.

The team which started the Berkeley game and which was really the first team was as follows: Loughery, center; Clays and Garritsee, guards; Myers and Summers, tackles; Davis and Egan ends; Railton, quarter; Scott and Smith, halves; and O'Donnell, fullback.

Others who played during the season were, Campbell, Cardinet, Reynolds, Tehaney, Miller, Mooney, Lucas, V. Breen, H. Breen, R. Buckley.

The team was ably coached by E. Heinze, a former high school player. This young man deserves great credit for the showing of the team, as the results obtained by the team are due to his efforts.

THIRD HIGH HOLDS MEETING

The students of the Third High recently held a class meeting, President Dobbins presiding.

The main business of the meeting consisted in the listing of men who wished to try for interclass basketball. A large number of students signed up, so it appears that the Third High will be well represented in the interclass tournament.

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